

# THE STUDENT'S PEN



OCTOBER 1956



# The Student's Pen

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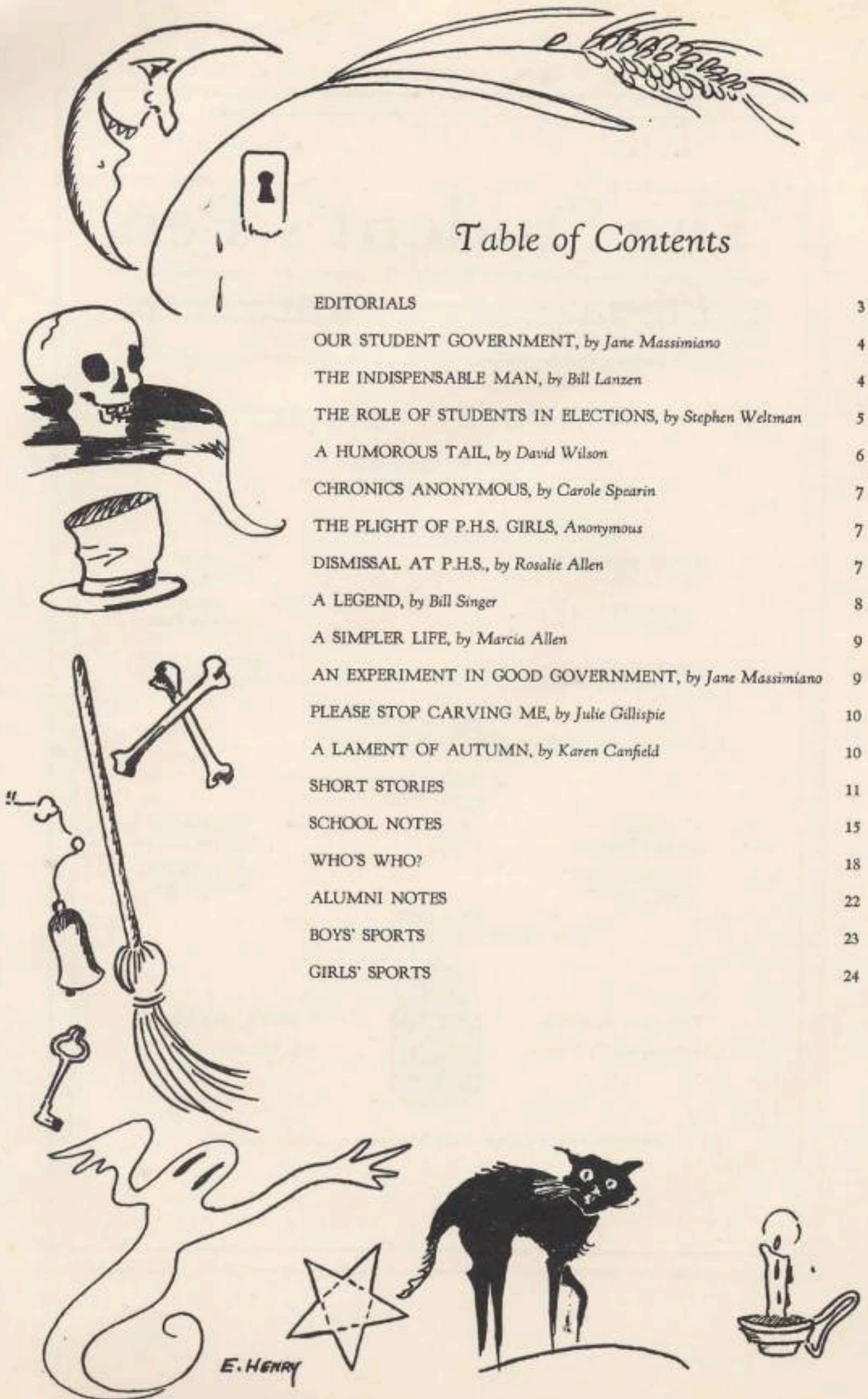
MR. WILLIAM HAYES

Distributed Free of Charge to All Subscribers to Student Activities



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# EDITORIALS

## Get Ready for Tomorrow

*By Linda Place, '57*

WHEN you enter high school and look forward to graduation, it is like looking at your feet through the large end of a pair of binoculars—the perspective is wrong and what looks very far away is closer than you think. As a sophomore, you sometimes think of your courses as pointless, and exert a minimum of effort in the field of learning. Although you usually work harder as a junior, your lessons seem to have no meaning. Then, suddenly, you are a senior, and in a matter of months your future may depend upon what you got out of those “pointless” courses. Whether it be a prospective employer testing you on your knowledge of typing and shorthand or a college admissions director checking your scores on the College Boards, his interest lies in what you have gained from your courses, and not the marks you received for a semblance of learning.

Even though justifying lines of type in the print shop, learning the keyboard of a typewriter, or memorizing the first conjugation in Latin may seem trivial and even boring, remember that only with thorough knowledge of fundamentals such as these can you go on to bigger things.

Your three years in high school will pass swiftly, and the education you get now will be a priceless possession in later years. Let us resolve now to put a little extra effort into each day's assignments, and truly learn the material offered in every course. When tomorrow comes, let us be ready for it!

## Fall, Football and Fans

*By Frank Murphy, '57*

FOOTBALL, the annual fall madness, has descended upon us once again. On the professional, college, and high school levels, this is the time when all coaches are fretting over their starting lineups, their injuries, and that overwhelming schedule. Discounting the coaches, however, most people are happy to see the pigskin season roll around again. All over the nation there are student bodies cheering their players and their teams on to victory, and if that victory is won, it is most assuredly a conquest, not only for the team but for the school as a whole. Naturally for the boys on the field, it is a well-earned and well-deserved triumph, considering their long practice hours and the painful bumps and bruises they sustain. For the rest of the students, however, though they are not competing, it is still a triumph. Although they have had no actual physical contact with their opponents, they, through their cheers and encouragement, give their team the necessary moral support that no team can do without. It is imperative that every school back its athletic teams, its band, or anything else which bears the name of Alma Mater. This should be done both in victory or defeat, for it is much easier to share either commodity than it is to have it only to oneself. A triumph celebrated only by one person or by a small group is a hollow victory, while the one in which a whole student body participates is fun for everyone. In defeat a team is downhearted, but with a little encouragement one can raise these hard-working athletes from the depths of despair and make them look forward with enthusiasm to the next ball game.



# Our Student Government

*By Jane Massimiano, '57*

LIVING in a free nation has given all American students many liberties, advantages, and opportunities denied other youth elsewhere in the world. Student governments, such as our Student Council, are unheard of among less fortunate boys and girls. How often do we stop to think, however, that the principles that ought to govern our own activities are based on the time-proven ones by which the people of various religions and national backgrounds came together on a permanent and peaceful basis. Here these people, together, laid the foundation for every form of government in our nation. Even though ours is only the first rung on the great ladder of government, we strive to make it work for the advantage of every student at P.H.S.

We have been granted the privilege of electing our representatives to the Student Council. We must choose them wisely because they are the ones who will have to decide, with our ever helpful school administrators, such problems as rallies, chess plays, fund raising drives, smoking rules, and the many other phases of school life that are brought before the Council. And when the Student Council has arrived at a decision, let us, as good citizens, abide by their deliberations. Then, and only then, can we say that we are truly interested in the welfare of our school.

# The Indispensable Man

*By Bill Lanzen, '57*

THE service station attendant certainly has one of the most thankless, troublesome, unpredictable, and taken-for-granted jobs on the face of the earth. He must be an accountant, a weather man, a "road guide," and a super-human mechanic with the patience of Job. He has to have at the tip of his tongue the location of every road in the country, the forecast for the next two weeks, the location of every traffic light, stop sign, and hidden trooper in the state, and a thousand and one other things as far removed from the simple operation of a service station as climbing a flag pole would be from dwelling in a cave.

He must keep in stock, to please the ungrateful public, a complete line of parts for everything from a "Model T" to a 1956 "Floozie Special" and, to stay in business, have a veritable phalanx of tools with which to repair any and every mechanical contrivance on the earth, and oftentimes to make these repairs, without charge, to please some ungrateful, irascible old "coot" who drives in once a week to whisper melodiously in the attendant's ear, "Gimme a buck's worth!" We should all appreciate this friendly, warm-hearted individual whom so many of us take for granted, for without him to fill the gas tanks of the country, our whole civilization as we know it today would collapse completely.



# The Role of Students in Elections

By Stephen F. Weltman

IN this Presidential election year, the eyes and ears of an entire nation are turned toward the candidates and their platforms. More than ever before, the views of these potential public servants are brought before the voter via the media of radio, television, and newsprint. In many localities it is impossible to find a roadside billboard that does not advertise some candidate for public office. Wherever you may travel in this great land of ours, there are visible signs of a campaign that is destined to make history. For most high school students, some of whom seem to care no more about elections than they do about whether Elvis Presley's latest record will be first on the "Hit Parade," this election means nothing. This is a gross misconception. Not only does it hold meaning for them, it can drastically change the course of their entire lives.

The average high school student is now probably asking himself, "What can I do? I can't vote." Although he may not realize it, there is much that can be done by high school students to insure the continuation of good government. An essential responsibility is the close following of the campaign. By listening to the speeches of candidates and reading reprints of them, one can acquire a fairly accurate conception of a candidate's capabilities and views. In following such a campaign, the high school student should remember to differentiate between basic ideals and propaganda aimed at winning votes. Only after carefully considering these and other essential characteristics, should one finally select a candidate. By learning to select suitable candidates at this time, the student will find voting intelligently an easy task when he is eligible to do so.

Another important way in which a high school student can encourage good government is by taking measures against apathy on the part of voters. In many cases corrupt offi-

cial are elected because of indifference on the part of many. Those who are unconcerned about the outcome of elections usually feel that their vote will make no difference. The preceding statement is as illogical as any ever uttered. Those who make it fail to realize that all elections are won by many single votes; moreover, some are won by a sole vote. In such instances many persons have come to a rude awakening as a result of their failing to vote. Perhaps such apathy stems from the fact that the privilege of voting is taken simply as a matter of course. In any event it is the duty of every high school student to discourage this common fault, therefore helping to secure and maintain a forthright, democratic government for peer and elder alike.

Although the great majority of high school students are not of age to vote in regular elections, they can certainly do their part in elections within their own schools. As with all other elections, one must study the issues before deciding upon a candidate. It is natural that, since a student wants the best possible government for his school, he will use discretion in choosing the best possible candidates, in that way practicing intelligent voting. Through practice of this sort, many students have learned the values of good government at an early age. When the time comes for them to take an active role in the election of government officials, they will be better able, therefore, to choose their candidates sensibly.

The United States depends on a democratic government. Such a government can be carried on only through the unceasing initiative of its youth. A major factor in the preservation of this type of government is the early education of our future citizens in intelligent voting, thus making them more capable of aiding our great country, both as public servants and intelligent voters who will always be interested in the issues before this land.



# A Humorous Tail

By David Wilson, '57

IF the members of our very fine high school band are spending sleepless nights in an effort to find a theme song capable of crowning the spirits of our student body, it might be suggested that they try a song called "Back in the Saddle Again." The logic behind this lies in the eternal desire of the fickle female to "keep up with the Joneses." In this instance, though, a better phraseology might be "keep up with the horses!"

Our school is now in the throes of such a revolting evolution that, at times, the bewildered student wonders whether he is part of an academic institution or a riding academy! All of this leads us to one magnificent topic which deeply touches the heads, if not the hearts, of all members of the weaker sex—the exotically different, delightfully teasing, and yet strikingly beautiful pony tail, which is now the ultimate in feminine fashion. The staggering number of these pony tails, which have suddenly appeared on the paths of P.H.S., leads us to the assumption that one might establish a fairly lucrative enterprise by selling lassos on the front steps of the building.

A year or two ago the pony tail (at least in my simple taste) was a style of distinction. It was not worn indiscriminately simply because a young lady was too tired to put her hair up the previous night.

Now, however, this heavenly beauty has been commercialized and degraded to an unbelievable degree. The uniqueness and the originality once symbolized by this two-legged pony have suffered the same fate as a delicate snowflake lost in a vast drift of whiteness. It is oftentimes frightening to realize that perhaps this same commercial cheapness may someday engulf every individual and those things which he holds in high esteem.

I do not actually profess to know the origin of this gently trailing mane; however, I do know that dancers have long worn the pony

tail as a means of giving added expression to their orthodox dance and also for preserving their flowing locks for the exotic modern flings. Whatever their derivation, though, pony tails have fast become the dominant fashion of the fickle female.

Women are strangely unpredictable in their hair stylings. For the most part, they seem to rely upon the designs of "Monsieur L'Animal." Once the pig was emulated; then the poodle had his day. Soon girls were swimming about in the fashion of a duck. At present, the modern maiden finds it highly fashionable to look like the opposite end of "Swaps," who in himself is a gorgeous animal with a fine tail. The majority of our girls come nowhere close to matching the graceful lines of this animal, and must content themselves by appearing in short, stubby mushrooms or long, stringy mops, which they modestly call pony tails.

This is a truly degenerating situation. The speed of the masses to capitalize on what they consider a fashionable find threatens to crowd the true pony tail right off the plains. It is an inspiring and deeply stirring sight to view the grandeur which always accompanies a true pony tail as she gracefully trods over these time-honored paths.

It is little wonder, then, that some unbranded colts of our school get extremely irritated when I casually tug at their war bonnets. Someday, perhaps, I may obtain an unexpected souvenir! I hope only that this, or some comparable event, will serve to arouse the self-respect of these fly-by-night pony tails so that they will end this dreadful fad and leave their grasslands to the elegant hoofs of the natural pony.

Some might hold it to be facetiously ambiguous; others would take it at face value only; most would be completely ignorant of its significance. Nevertheless, I shall end this work with but one shopworn admonition—"Let's stop the horsing around!"



# Chronics Anonymous

By Carole Spearin, '57

BECAUSE I sit five times a week in the rooms laughingly known as "study halls," I often ask myself just why these rooms aren't used for the purpose for which they were intended—studying. I have found several reasons, which may be seen on any typical day.

First of all, there is the chronic pencil-sharpener, to whom grinding pencils into a nothingness of shavings is not a pastime, but a disease. I have also observed that this disease is highly contagious and even spreads to people who never write anything.

Then there are the boys in the back of the room who, I am certain, think the teacher is deaf. Every day they gaily join in a Knuckle-Crackers' Symphony, the music (?) being supplied by a little character who squeaks like a cricket with laryngitis. They keep time by drumming on the desks and shooting airplanes up front for variation. At other times, when their knuckles are exhausted, they either rattle battered copies of the "Springfield Union" or carve delightful little valleys in the topography of the desks for posterity to curse over.

Of course, there are also the chronic gum-snappers whose motto is, "Old gum never goes; it just gets added to." These present a severe challenge to any scientist who doesn't believe in perpetual motion. In my opinion their only contribution to humanity will be an increase in the size of man's jaw bone.

Another type of study hall pest and work-interrupter is the female chronic borrower. Although I am glad to share my things, I see no reason why I should keep her supplied with everything from bobby pins to Amendments of the Constitution. This type must be handled carefully or the unwary student will find his pen being used to write those six-page perfumed epistles to her boy friend.

One of the interesting events of my study

period is watching Chronic Borrower prepare for her daily visit to her boy friend, the "living doll." With the assistance of various beauty aids drawn from the abysmal chams of her pocketbook, she beautifies herself with much wiggling and strange facial contortions before she finally departs.

Last year I remember one of my friends remarking, "Is this a study hall or a boiler factory?" I can't answer that question, but I've suddenly realized that without the study hall chronics, the place would probably be so quiet that no one could study, anyway.

## THE PLIGHT OF P.H.S. GIRLS

Anonymous

We wash our hair;  
We brush it well;  
We curl it just so—  
It really looks "swell"!

We trek to school  
Through wind and rain.  
Our disheveled locks  
We comb in vain,

For mirrors are few  
And far between.  
Images in them  
Can't *all* be seen.

So if we beg  
Some looking-glasses,  
It's 'cause we wish  
To be well-groomed lasses.

## DISMISSAL AT P.H.S.

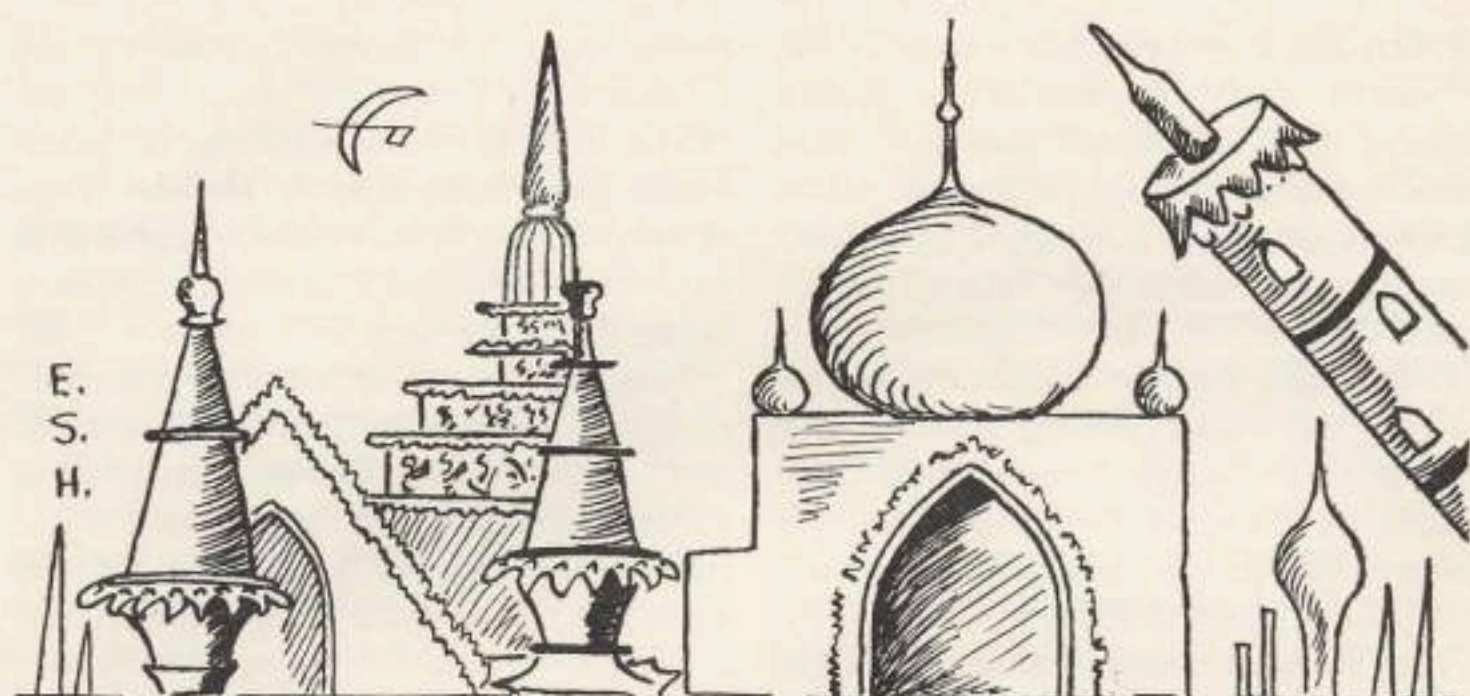
By Rosalie Allen, '57

The buzzers rang;  
The students sprang  
From their chairs,  
Down the stairs—  
Crash, clatter, bang!



# A Legend

By Bill Singer, '59



MY little sister owns a toy. It consists simply of a wooden spindle which, standing vertically, is equipped with a set of some fifteen colored discs with holes in the middle. The holes enable the user to slide the discs on and off the spindle. The discs themselves are not uniform in size, but taper off from the three-and-a-half inch diameter of the largest one to a disc which looks practically like a point for the smallest. If mounted properly on the spindle, starting with the largest piece at the bottom and arranged in order of decreasing size until the top is reached, these discs will construct a very pretty little cone, about ten inches high. This arranging in correct order constitutes the object of the game, as far as my sister is concerned.

To shift scenes, however, from a wallpapered nursery room to an enchanting, minaret-enclosed oriental temple, ivory glowing in the mid-day sun, a certain sect of Brahmin priests plays the same game, with variations, in far-off India. But their apparatus consists of three spindles, instead of one, and sixty-four discs, instead of fifteen. And, ah-h-h-o-h, yes, the spindles are of platinum, and the discs of polished gold!

The legend has it that, at the Creation, God placed the spindles in the great temple at Benares beneath a dome which is supposed to mark the center of the world; and He placed the aureate discs in the same order as my sister does, on one spindle, forming a cone. Unceasingly, twenty-four hours a day, the priest on duty transfers the pieces from one spindle to another, according to the immutable laws laid down at the Beginning, which specify that only one disc may be moved at a time, and that at no time may a disc rest upon a smaller one than itself. And the legend continues (mark ye well, Sinners!) that when all sixty-four discs shall be transferred from the spindle on which God originally placed them, to another one, in correct conical order, the universe and everything in it shall vanish into nothingness, and things shall be no more!

If my writing in the last paragraph has been as effective as I meant it to be, you, gentle reader, are now stirring in your seat nervously, glancing at your ceiling, and wondering when those priests are going to reach the end of their ominous task. Well, the inquisitive reader may wish to construct such a device for himself, using more humble



materials than gold and platinum, such as cardboard and sticks. If he does so, he will find that the transfer of each disc requires twice as many moves as that of the previous one. Obviously, the first disc requires only one more, but the transfer of the second according to the rules requires two more; the third takes a minimum of four more; the fourth, eight; the fifth, sixteen; the next, thirty-two, and so on, sixty-four times, since there are sixty-four discs. The reader may drive himself quickly and painlessly insane if he wishes to calculate the number of moves required, but to spare him this, the number happens to be, in all its lengthy glory:—18,446,744,073,709,551,615! Yes, this is accurate. Now, assuming that the priests work twenty-four hours a day, at the unchanging rate of one move per second, without holidays, and knowing that the year contains approximately 31,558,000 seconds, we may now calculate that it would take slightly more than 58,000,000,000,000 years to finish the job!

It is interesting to compare this figure with actual estimates on the length of the life of the universe, formed in the light of modern scientific knowledge. The scientists are a bit more pessimistic than the Brahmins, for the estimate of the former is only twenty billion years, while according to the priests, the universe will come to an end fifty-eight thousand billion years after its birth. So if my reader still stirs in his chair, he may relax now. It won't happen in his lifetime, no matter which prophecy is correct!

### A SIMPLER LIFE

*By Marcia Allen, '57*

We dash here and there;  
We run to and fro,  
Wondering whatever  
Keeps us on the go.

A simpler life  
We might often adore.  
Oh, 'twould be a blessing,  
But oh, what a bore!

## An Experiment in Good Government

*By Jane Massimiano, '57*

On the morning of June 14th, nine girls from various towns in Berkshire County left for Bridgewater State Teachers College, where the 12th session of the Massachusetts Girls' State was to convene. It was a long, tiring ride, but we managed to arrive at the college in one piece. After registering, receiving our party sweaters, hats, and various materials which would be needed while there, we proceeded to our dormitories, where we met our roommates, neighbors, and councilors. We then went to the auditorium to learn the objectives of Girls' State.

Girls' State, which is sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary of Massachusetts, is a method used to teach future citizens about their local and state government, by having the girls themselves run their own branch of government. Two hundred and fourteen girls from every town and city in Massachusetts, all carefully selected, attended.

Each girl belonged to either a city or town which was located in one of four counties. After a training period we conducted our own city or town meetings. We elected the mayor, councilmen, tax collectors, selectmen, and other town officials. During these meetings, we drew up a budget, made our own city charter, and carried out the various other duties so essential to good city management.

At Girls' State, we had two political parties, the National and the Federal. Each party met, elected its party chairman, and proceeded with the business of drawing up the party platform upon which our candidates would run. The most fun, in my opinion, was nominating, campaigning for our candidates, and electing them to office. We made posters, composed songs, and wrote cheers to get our



candidates elected. At times the campaigns reached screaming proportions!

The most beautiful night of the week was Inaugural Night, when all the girls, dressed in beautiful gowns, came to see the state officers inaugurated by Lt. Governor Sumner Whittier. A ball followed this beautiful ceremony. There was only one problem—no boys! But if there had been boys in attendance, I am sure that they would have been impressed by the charm, wit, and vivaciousness of many of the representatives to Girls' State.

The average day at Girls' State began at 7:15 with the cheery voice of Miss Claire Nolan, our director of calisthenics, shouting, "Last call for breakfast." We washed, dressed and made a mad dash to the dining hall, where breakfast was served at 8:15. After breakfast, we went to our dormitories and cleaned our rooms. Our first session began promptly at 9:00. Many distinguished speakers came to these sessions to acquaint us with the various duties of local officials. This morning session ended at 11:00, leaving us one half hour to get ready for lunch. The food, by the way, was delicious! After lunch, we had another session, with more speakers. Later, we made our way to the various Girls' State activities, such as the official paper, "The Forty-Niner," the Glee Club, and athletics. At five o'clock, we went to our dormitories to enjoy a badly needed rest period. At six o'clock, dinner was served. Then—you guessed it—we had another session. These sessions, however, were not as bad as they might seem. The lectures were usually very interesting. Ten-thirty was official "lights out," but none of us were in bed. We were usually just setting our hair and talking; and you can just imagine the chatter.

The last day was actually a sad one, since we had to say goodbye to all our friends and, believe me, we from the Berkshires saw all of them go, because we were the last to leave. On the trip home we discussed all the wonderful times we had together and agreed that

we were all very fortunate in having been citizens of Massachusetts Girls' State. We had met girls from every section of our State. We learned to understand their problems as they learned to understand ours. Above all else, we learned that good government at any level can stem only from the interest manifested by its citizens. For such a wholesome, stimulating, and instructive experience, I am grateful for the sponsorship of the Auxiliary of the Pittsfield Post of the American Legion.

## *Please Stop Carving Me*

*By Julie Gillispie, '58*

I LIKE you, I really do, but why do you scribble all over me? I enjoy reading your notes and homework, as long as they are on paper. Even though teachers give you all the writing material you need, you persist in doodling on me when you are bored. If you are interested in improving relations between us, treat me as you would one of your classmates.

I am a desk. I am a school desk that has seen much wear year after year. Classes come and go, leaving their joys and sorrows inscribed upon my worn surface. I bear these things silently, though sadly. Please, I beg you not to add your name to the list of those who abuse me. Remember, I am here to help you. Treat me well.

## *A LAMENT OF AUTUMN*

*By Karen Canfield, '59*

Bright autumn days are here at last—  
Why do we wish they weren't?  
Pumpkins in fields are ripening fast,  
While books are being learnt.

When breezes blow the leaves around,  
And breaths of asters fill the air,  
And farmers plough the resting ground,  
We wish that homework wasn't there!

When we come home from walks at night  
By woodlands, parks and fountains,  
We faintly see, in fading light,  
The books piled up like mountains!



# SHORT STORIES

## *The Old Man*

*By Diane Bulgarelli, '59*

CHARLIE LAVERMORE was an old man. Twenty years ago he and his wife had just drifted into town and come into possession of an old mansion next to the lagoon. No one knew how he came into possession of the house, but no one knew much else about him, either. The adults of our little seaport cared no more for him than they did for the lagoon. Both were worthless, they said. Sharks and rays in one, and lies and stories in the other; and there wasn't any good in a story-yarning old man that didn't fish or have any visible means of support.

Just where "old Charlie" did get his money was a big mystery, all right, but we kids didn't care about it. We always used to wait until dusk, so nobody could see us at his place, and then we'd perch on the rails and steps of his porch and listen to him tell his tales. He and his wife both had rockers, and Elizabeth—she was his wife—always used to sew by candlelight, while the old man carved on a whale's tooth or bits of whalebone he had collected. The sophisticated name for his carving, old Charlie told me once, was "scrimshaw."

His leg was all twisted up, too. He'd carve and answer our questions and then teach us sailor's ballads. Or maybe a story about pirates would come to him, or he'd look across the lagoon and tell about everything from England's royalty to whaling in the Pacific, accompanied all the while by the booming of the surf as it struck the coral reefs.

I remember once he told us about a pirate called Larson: how old Charlie steered his man-o-war across the mouth of a lagoon and trapped the pirate craft with burning oil in

the water. But the story of the duel was the one we loved the best.

"A long time ago," he said, "there was a young man called Marlowe that was ruled most of the time by his prevailing passions. That means feelings, Jenny. He wasn't particularly handsome, but all the ladies were fond of him and he was popular and very active among his gentlemen friends. Now he had a very young friend who had been paying court to a girl that turned around and married someone else.

"This someone else was Lestrade. A very fickle woman was his wife to pick a man like him above Marlowe's friend, for the boy was strong, brave and loyal, while his rival was a sneak who had ruined many men and thereby gained his fortune and title. She was fickle, however, and began seeing the boy privately. So Lestrade, when he found out, challenged the boy to a swordfight.

"Marlowe knew there was bad blood between the two, but he didn't want them to fight because Lestrade was a practiced swordsman. That was why, right before the duel, he tapped the boy's head with a candlestick and told Lestrade there would be no duel."

Dusk had settled by this time and several of us were sleepy.

"To make a long story short," he continued, taking in the situation, "Lestrade found him out, somehow, and provoked the boy so much he drew and was killed. Marlowe became incensed at this and after a fierce fight stabbed Lestrade and left him bleeding. His hands still blood-spattered from the fight, he went to Lady Lestrade's home and beat her furiously, after which he quit



the country and was, as a result, both banished and disinherited."

As Elizabeth's candle flickered its last, we all became conscious of the hour, and one by one my friends left until I was there alone. Seeing me rise, he, too, got up and walked me to the foot of the hill where my house was. I could hear crickets and night animals making noises and it was very, very calm. The moon rested high in the sky, reflecting the sun's rays down upon us. I was still thinking of Charlie's stories and I wondered where he got them—and suddenly I knew. I knew because he had told me without realizing it or wanting to, and it was my secret.

We paused. He said goodnight and turned to go.

"Mister Lavermore," I said boldly, "I know you are Marlowe and I believe all your stories and you're wonderful," and going from one extreme to another I bolted to my porch and didn't look back till I was halfway in the door. And there he was, a twisted old man with a developed mind and an immortal soul who had never had a real chance but yet remained young.

### WHAT IS OCTOBER?

*By Linda Jacoby, '58*

Cold frosty nights,  
Halloween frights,  
Bright sunny skies,  
Loud football cries.

Pumpkins glowing,  
Breezes blowing,  
World Series games  
With scoreless frames.

Leaves on the ground  
Making no sound;  
Bonfires burning,  
Seasons turning.

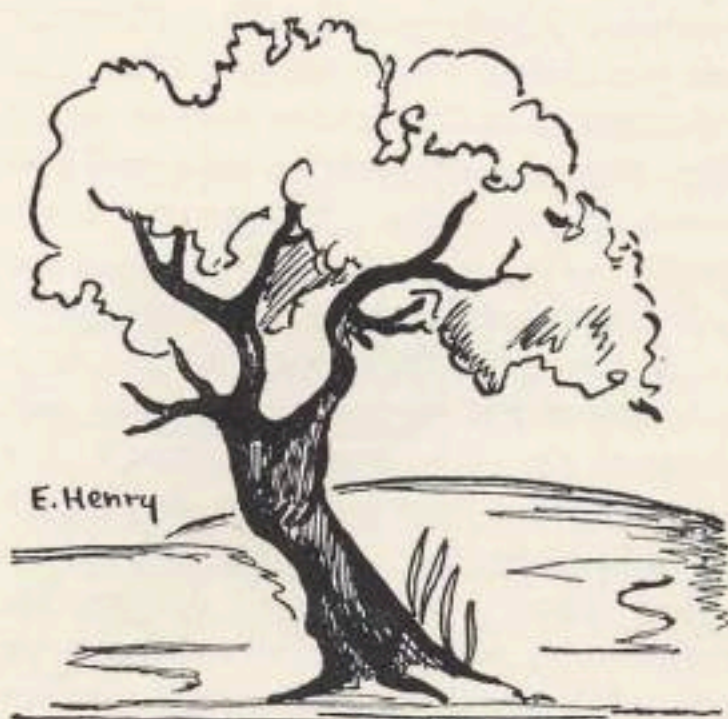
Bittersweet vines  
That climb and climb.  
October is fine;  
It's a splendid time.

This is October.

### LAMENT

*By Anonymous*

The piles of books I lug home every day  
Often tower way over my head.  
While my parents at home always wonder  
and stew  
Because I am frightfully round-shouldered.



### FULFILLMENT

*By Marcia Allen, '57*

On a bleak and desolate hillside,  
Sown where survival is poor,  
A tree lifts its boughs to the sky  
Asking for God's help from above.

It wishes to be full and graceful,  
A fortress where birds find a home,  
To shelter and protect them from danger,  
To have and to hold and to love.

It asks this, as you do and I  
Pray to be useful and guiding,  
To help and to shelter something  
Alike to a hand in a glove.

On that once bleak and desolate hillside  
A flourishing tree now stands,  
Proving to us that God by his will  
Keeps constant vigil on all from above.



# '75

By Jon Shepardson, '57

"WALL, Ginral, here's the way I see it," the tall man in buckskins said. "Your army's not peaceful like . . ."

"Yes, yes! I know! I've heard the way you feel about it." General Thomas Gage stared intently from the window at nothing of importance, unless the non-commissioned officer's wife across the field could be called important. The tall buckskin clad man noted that she was a comely woman but hardly worth the amount of concentration the general was using in her direction.

"Listen, uh-what did they call you? Oh, yes, the 'Long Rifle'. Well, listen, Long John, I sent for you because you have served the King well for many years, and I want to know if you intend to remain loyal."

The "Long Rifle" silently regarded the muzzle of the long barreled rifle, upon which he was leaning, for so long a time that the red-coated Gage wondered if the old man had turned to stone.

"Name's Isaac Towers, Ginral, an' I don't know how you mean."

"Towers? Isaac? I thought it was 'Long Rifle.'"

"That's muh name as give' to me by the Hurons, Ginral."

"An Indian title, eh? Well! If you're an Indian you'll be wise enough to remain with the King, as the other Indians are, rather than follow those upstarts who call themselves patriots and yell for liberty, eh?"

"Come to the p'int, Ginral; come right out with it. Ask som'thin' direct an' I'll combobolate on it an' give you an answer."

"What do you know about the reported stores of military supplies at Concord?"

"I think I heered som'thin' about it, but I disremember exactly what it was." The "Long Rifle" intently studied the flint hammer on his rifle. "It real 'portant, Ginral?"

"Of course, er—well, that's what I want to

know. You did hear something though, eh?" Gage's voice remained calm but his face became as red as his coat. Gage felt that the man called Isaac Towers was having fun at his expense. He placed some gold coins on the map table in front of him. "But you don't remember what, eh?"

"Ginral, it's a pondiferous matter, this here liberty and all, and my mind's too weak to hold it all." The "Long Rifle" betrayed none of his emotions. His face was blank and he stood with the apathetical air of an Indian.

"You're joking, aren't you? Well, your levity is wasted here if you're a 'patriot.'" Gage spat out the word "patriot" with a hatred that turned his face purple with rage and seemed to contaminate the air in the room.

"You got a perplexity, Ginral?" The "Long Rifle" glanced at the door. His sharp ears, trained by years on the frontier, had detected a slight sound. "Ginral, your boys don't half to lissin in. I ain't gonna kill you. I niver said I was or wasn't a patriot; and I ain't gonna commit myself at this moment, either."

"Get out!" His face was worse than purple this time. "Get out!"

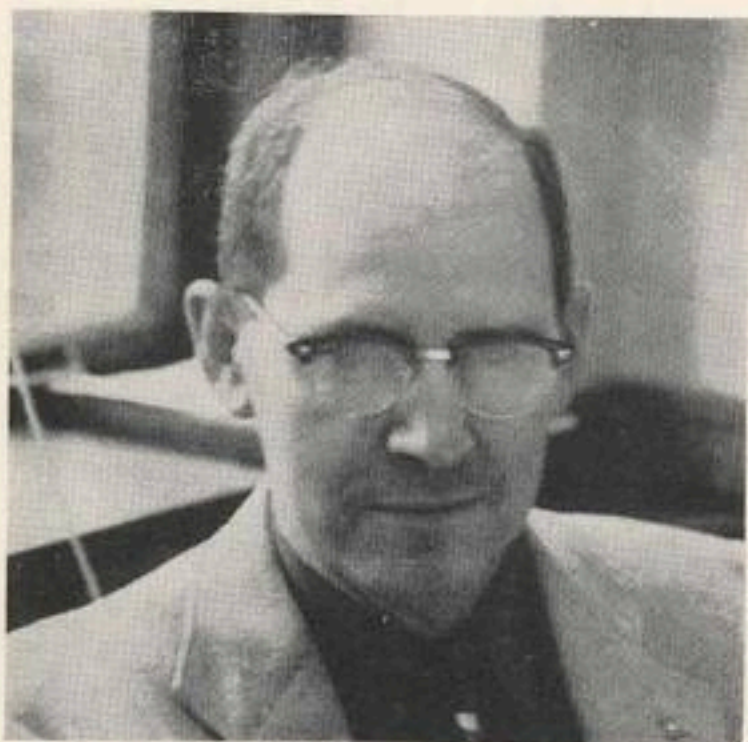
Towers crossed the floor in two silent steps and threw the door open. As it swung outward, it connected resoundingly with the head of a captain in a gold-trimmed uniform. The captain, with a sharp yelp of pain, fell with a crash. A young aide lunged at Towers, tripped, fell, and gave the "Long Rifle" a knowing wink. The old frontiersman saluted the aide and disappeared with the ease and completeness of a ghost.

"Get Smith and Major Pitcairn," the enraged voice of General Thomas Gage thundered. "They're going to Concord, by Jove, and see 'who suffers who' around here?"

\* \* \* \* \*

From the moment the light showed in the church steeple, horses dashed through the





MR. FRANK COUGHLIN

Pittsfield High School is fortunate in welcoming Mr. Frank Coughlin, who is no stranger to the Berkshires, to the position of vice-principal in charge of the Technical Department. Mr. Coughlin comes to us with a wealth of experience in the field of education. After having graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, he received his Masters degree from the University of Massachusetts. Among other positions, he has been both teacher and principal of Searles High School in Great Barrington and during the past year was principal of the High School in Franklin, Mass.

When asked his opinion of Pittsfield and Pittsfield High, Mr. Coughlin enthusiastically replied that he liked both very much and that he would like them even more as he became further acquainted with the people and students. "Everyone has been most congenial and cooperative," he hastened to add.

"Have you had any unusual experiences?"

"Anyone in education has many such experiences," Mr. Coughlin replied, "but one in particular was exceptionally thrilling. As a member of the School Building Commission in Great Barrington, I made many inspection trips looking at new schools. On one such trip, made by air, to a city in New York, one of the engines on the plane conked out! The

pilot tried to make an emergency landing in Utica on the remaining engine. The plane didn't cooperate and instead landed in the Erie Canal." Fortunately, the plane was equipped with pontoons, and so our new vice-principal is able to tell the story.

Mr. Coughlin was born in 1907 in Watervliet, New York. He is married and has three children. Ann, the eldest, is a sophomore here at P.H.S. Frank and Mary Patricia are students at South Junior High School and Dawes respectively.

### NEW TEACHERS

P.H.S. has the honor of having among its faculty many new teachers. Some of these teachers attended P.H.S. before furthering their education in higher institutions.

Miss Barbara Burgner, who teaches English, graduated in '51 from Smith College and in '52 from Cornell University. Before coming to P.H.S., she taught in three different communities in New York State. Since Miss Burgner attended P.H.S., she enjoys very much the opportunity of being back in "familiar territory." Her hobbies include listening to music and playing a musical instrument. When asked what she thought about the pupils at P.H.S., Miss Burgner replied, "The students are cooperative, and it is easy to work with them."

Mr. George Nesbit, another English teacher, graduated from Notre Dame University in 1947. He does not feel that he is a stranger to P.H.S., because Pittsfield is his home town. When asked what he thought about his classes, he said, "The students seem responsible and ready to work."

Mrs. Florence Henderson, who teaches college preparatory algebra, graduated in '25 from New York State College for teachers. Before living in Pittsfield, she taught in the schools of Center Moriches, Long Island, and Schenectady, New York. Mrs. Henderson thinks that the faculty of P.H.S. is "tops." Swimming, music, and working with the youngsters take top priority among her many interests.



Miss Josephine Scelsi is a new teacher in the language department. She attended Smith College and last year taught at North Junior High. Her comment about Pittsfield High was that she likes everything about it so far.

We are very pleased that Miss Dunfrey has returned to Pittsfield High after an absence of five years. She received her Bachelor of Science degree from North Adams State Teachers' College. For the past few years she has taught at North Junior High. Her hobbies are knitting and baseball.

Mrs. Julia Solnica, before she was married, also taught at Pittsfield High. She graduated from Boston University and she now teaches English. She likes music and sports.

We are pleased to have these people with us. May they have success and good luck at Pittsfield High School.

#### NEW POSITION

Many P.H.S. students have probably been wondering where one of last year's teachers, Mr. Edward McKenna, has gone. Mr. McKenna, who taught English for a long time at P.H.S., has recently been promoted to the principalship of Pomeroy School. We at P.H.S. are extremely proud of this step in educational leadership.

Good luck to you in the future years, Mr. McKenna!

#### TECHNICAL NEWS

For the first time since its birth eight years ago, the Technical Course finds itself without the able leadership of Dr. Van Deusen. During the last eight years Dr. Van Deusen has watched the Technical Course blossom and grow into a reality under his ever-mindful direction. But even though we have lost such an assiduous man as Dr. Van Deusen, there is no reason for any fear to rise in the hearts of the technical students. In his place the school board has placed the capable ex-principal of Searles High, Mr. F. T. Coughlin. Under his direction the Technical Course should soar to new and glorious heights. We all wish Mr. Coughlin the best of luck.

Another technical teacher has also left the ranks of Pittsfield High. Mr. A. B. Phinney, whom all the students loved and admired, has gone to teach at a college in New York State. In order to fill the vacancy made by his leaving and to meet the needs of the expanding enrollment of the course, the G. E. has lent P.H.S. two of its employees. They are Mr. Klupfel, who now teaches drafting, and Mr. Minneci, who is helping to give the boys a basic understanding of electricity. With these new men added to the staff of Pittsfield High it looks as if the technical students will have a most prosperous and successful year.

#### CHEERLEADERS

This year P.H.S. is very proud to have as its cheerleaders eight enthusiastic girls. Besides having devoted much of their afternoon time to practicing and learning new cheers, these girls accompanied the P.H.S. football team to Springfield and helped to win P.H.S.'s first game of the 1956 season. The cheerleaders are Betty Amlaw, Phyllis Benson, Sandra Hagen, Carole Olson, Linda Place, Bernadette Rivers, Paula Shaffer, and Captain Linda Frissell. Keep up the marvelous work, girls!

#### RADIO CLUB NOTES

At the last meeting of the Radio Club the following members were elected as the new officers: President, Robert Walker; vice president, Frank Mlynarczyk; secretary-treasurer, Malcolm Sarna. Their advisor from the General Electric Company is Mr. Arthur Needham. The club has planned many projects for the following year.

#### ASSEMBLIES

The first S.A.S. assembly of the year took place on September 25. Mr. George Alexander Bowie gave an informal talk, "Let's Get Personal." He explained how we, as individuals, must get personal with life in order to solve teenage problems and attain maturity. Mr. Bowie made us realize, through several illustrations, what one individual can do.



# WHO'S WHO



ANN RUSS

Our concertmistress this year is interested, naturally enough, in almost everything that involves music, especially playing the violin.

Her favorite sport is skiing, and her favorite food is meat balls and spaghetti. Her pet peeve is younger sisters.

In the future Ann would like to attend Skidmore College and become either a public school music teacher or a physical therapist. Whatever the final decision is, Ann, we wish you the best of luck.

DICK DELMOLINO

Representing the Vocational seniors is Dick Delmolino. Dick is taking the drafting course. During the mornings, Dick works at the Pittsfield Co-op.

Dick's favorite food is steak—The Yankees are the tops in his opinion.

After graduation, Dick hopes to take the General Electric Apprentice Course.



LINDA PLACE

This active senior is editor-in-chief of THE PEN, besides being a varsity cheerleader, singing in the Choraleers, and belonging to Phi-Hi-Y. Last year she added to her many activities the publicity chairmanship of the Junior Prom.

Linda enjoys skiing, hiking, and especially swimming, which she likes to teach. She is very fond of steak, and eats quantities of raw carrots.

Next year Linda would like to go to Middlebury, probably majoring in English. Let's hope that her college days are as successful as her high school days have been!





# WHO'S WHO

## DAVE WILSON

This jovial senior is already familiar to many students. Besides belonging to the AZA club and a P.H.S. discussion group, Dave was co-chairman of the Junior Prom decorating committee. His main pastime is observing and pulling pony tails. Dave's pet peeve is too much politicking. His favorite saying, "Oh, my goodness!"

After graduating from Princeton University, Dave's ambition is to become Secretary of State.

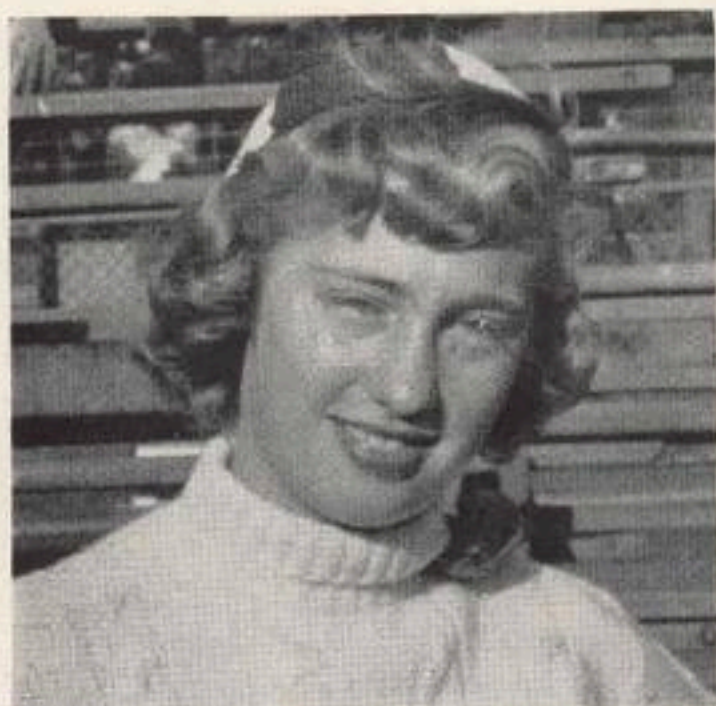


## LINDA FRISSELL

Meet the perky captain of this year's cheerleaders, Linda Frissell. She goes for sports in a big way, especially field hockey. As for the World Series, she definitely thinks the Dodgers will win.

Besides cheerleading, Linda was vice president for Zeta Tri-Hi-Y last year. She is a member of the Girls' Glee Club, and was on the Refreshment Committee for the Junior Prom and the Junior Class Council.

After leaving P.H.S. she would like to major in recreation at the University of Massachusetts. Best of luck, Linda.



## JOE SIMONETTA

Joe Simonetta is a popular senior taking the vocational course. Most of us know him from his active participation in P.H.S. football. He also takes part in track and is an ardent Yankee fan who expects his favorite team to win the World Series.

As far as food goes, Joe likes anything to keep him alive. His pet peeve is boys who don't do their best.

The future for this member of last year's Junior Class Council and Student Council involves some time spent with the Navy. We wish Joe the best of luck in everything he plans and hopes for.





## HOME ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

Room 14—Larry Buffi, John Dorgan, and Donald Sabato; Room 101—Joseph Magnone, Robert Sampson, and Russell Blair; Room 102—Anthony Martin, Robert Perry, and Philip Daoust; Room 103—Bruce Pulver, Daniel Gaul, and Bruce Chapman; Room 104—Warren Keeler, Bruce Mahon, and Paul Rote; Room 105—Gerald Trottier, Edward Astore, and Charles Wetherall; Room 110—Carol Amuso, Joseph Basiliere; Room 137—Rose Carlo, Jeff Burns; Room 138—Bernard Courtemanche, Ann Coffey; Room 140—John Dorman, Nancy Donahue; Room 142—Hildreth Ferguson, William Eramo; Room 143—Thomas Giddings, Mary Galtasso; Room 145—Joan Hall, Charles Hart; Room 147—Jenny Kinnas, Robert Jordan; Room 148—Patricia Leahey, Robert Livingston; Room 149—Ann Mazza, Philip McCarty; Room 201—Janet Allison, Anthony Adornetto; Room 202—Sandra Boldyga, Alfred Boryta; Room 203—Sandra Donna, Robert Deloye; Room 204—Dorothy Fedoryshyn, Kenneth Gale; Room 205—Irene Johnson, Ralph Lake; Room 206—Walterina Maluda, Robert Loebelenz; Room 208—Sheila Neilson, Frank Murphy; Room 231—Jeanne Radgowski, John Reagan; Room 233—Patricia Barber, Philip Balmer; Room 235—Douglas Chamberlain, Suzanne Campoli; Room 236—Barbara Dillow, David Doherty; Room 238—Anne Farrell, Thomas Gilardi; Room 239—Beverly Wohrle, Calvin Winn; Room 240—Ruth Henderson, Daniel Hajjar; Room 241—James Hogue, Johanna Kessler; Room 242—Judith Leahey, Kirk Leslie; Room 243—Michael Mole, Jo Ann McMahon; Room 333—Robert Roy, Nancy Richmany; Room 302—Anthony Polidoro, Rose Ann Pivero; Room 303—Julee Russo, James Quirk; Room 305—Joan Scalise, Philip Scalvini; Room 307—Anthony Sottile, Paula Spasyk; Room 311—Robert Pelletier, Chester Gomula, and Nash Sirignano; Room 321—Margot Molleur, Michael Quagliano; Room 322—Robert Walker, Beverly Zahn; Room

332—Ursula Pytko, William Plankey; Room 335—Margot Shandoff, Daniel Solin; Room 337—Patricia Taglieri, Raymond Tuggey; Room 341—David Sykes, Judyth Trova; Room 344—Brenda Wilde, Michael Zaveruka; Room 346—David Walsh, Kristine White.

## THE FUTURE: 1956-1957

Have you made any plans for this school year? Some of our students have. The following are some answers to the question, "What do you plan to do during this school year?"

LESLEY SEAMAN—"Join the 'homework club.'"

BOB MORRIS—"Do a little of everything, and take out a girl."

DAVID SYKES—"Now that I can swim forward, I'd like to try it backwards."

WOODY WOODLAND—"Ride the chair down Mount Snow."

PEPI GARCIA—"I've run nine miles; I'll try for a half."

MARIE COZZOLINO—"I'll try to keep my tardy record down to a minimum of only three times a week."

SANDY CUSATO—"To do last night's homework."

TED WALTERS—"Football. That's about all."

PAT LEAHEY—"Try out for Drill Team, if I can tell my left from my right."

NICK MORRIS—"Take out a girl."

MAUREEN CONNORS—"Go as far as I can without getting into trouble."

TONY SOTTILE—"Take a walk down 'Lonely Street.'"

MARGOT SHANDOFF—"Try to run up four flights of stairs to class after running down four. Whew!"

JOHN SEELY—"I plan to study hard and play football."

SANDY DONNA—"Try not to blush more than a dozen times a day."

JULEE RUSSO—"Do what I planned to do last year and didn't."

BERNADETTE RIVERS—"Practice cheerleading and see Pittsfield beat St. Joe."



## VOCATIONAL NEWS

The Pittsfield Vocational School has opened its doors to one of the largest enrollments of its time. The shops are kept busy with outside work as well as class work.

## SHEET METAL

Sheet Metal is one shop that is off to a very good start this year. Magazine racks are being made by Joe Simonetta and Kenneth Breault. Lockers are being repaired at North Junior High School by Gordon Gray and Clayton Fancher.

## PRINTING

The printers has been very busy. Report cards are being made by James Blache, Bud Bigelow, Richard Pizzuto, James Overbaugh and James Mazzeo; football programs by Thomas Deitlin and Peter Frank; student athletic tickets by George Sherman; programs for the dinner honoring Miss Corcoran by Ronnie Patti, Mario Trapani and Richard Fairfield; and football schedules by Roy Hall and Richard Blei.

## WELDING

The senior welders are busy working on andirons for Girls' Scout camps, and much emphasis is being placed on projects for exhibitions at the 50th anniversary convention next month.

Two seniors, Donald Whitman and Bill MacKennon, are working on cooperative jobs.

## CABINET MAKING

Teachers' aids are being made for the state department by Alexander Bertelli. Two desks are being refinished for the Physical Education Department by Richard Pansecchi and Don Rilla.

Two cabinets were made for Mr. Wayne's music room by Robert Pensivy.

## AUTO BODY

Auto Body is off to a slow start in the line of outside work. In addition to refinishing megaphones for the cheerleaders of Pittsfield High School, they are doing their regular class work.

## DRAFTING

The Drafting Department has set up a

new system for the sophomores, who will have alternate weeks of drafting and machine Shop.

Two boys, Richard Delmolino and James Riddle, are on cooperative jobs.

The Juniors are kept busy drawing sheet metal developments.

Colin Kelly is drawing the plans for a garage for a teacher at North Junior High School.

## ANNIVERSARY

The Pittsfield Vocational High School, as well as other schools throughout the New England States, is celebrating the 50th anniversary of vocational education schools on October 26, 1956.

All the boys are kept busy making projects for the exhibits for the convention. These exhibits are to be on display in the Northampton Public Works Building.

The first vocational school was the Smith Agricultural School in Northampton, Massachusetts, established in 1906. Since that time many such schools have been introduced into the New England States.

## HI-Y TRI-HI-Y NOTES

As the school year is progressing, activity at the Y.M.C.A. is also off to a fine start. Two new boys' clubs have been organized, Junior Hi-Y and Senior Hi-Y. All the clubs have had open meetings for prospective members and inductions. In addition, they have planned interesting programs, activities, and dances.

The officers of the various clubs for the year are as follows:

Alpha—Nancylee Patrick, president; Margaret Hodgis, vice president; Marcia Allen, secretary; Betty Marks, treasurer; and Peggy Cottrell, chaplain and warden.

Beta—Elizabeth O'Neil, president; Gwen Grant, vice president; Suzanne Brassard, secretary; Jane Barlow, treasurer; Carol Evans, chaplain; and Patricia Blair, warden.

Delta—Betty Jane Dunn, president; Pat Stiffler, vice president; Carol Shea, secretary;



Mary Savery, treasurer; and Sandra Sisson, chaplain and warden.

Gamma—Ann Bingham, president; Barbara Dillow, vice president; Maureen Connors, secretary; Judy Fairfield, treasurer; Sue Rogers, chaplain, and Sally Hickey, warden. They will sponsor the Harvest Hop.

Sigma—Sheila Neilson, president; Lillian Canzano, vice president; Karen Spaniol, secretary; Venita Nefores, treasurer; and Barbara Drummond, chaplain and warden.

Theta—Gerry Sommerville, president; Linda Koscher, vice president; Paula Spasyk, secretary; Helen Nykorchuk, treasurer; Mary Porter, chaplain; and Rosalie Allen, warden.

Zeta—Pat Taglieri, president; Linda Frissell, vice president; Fran Mangiardi, secretary; Carol Varanka, treasurer; and Judy Haddad, chaplain and warden.

Phi-Hi-Y—Kenneth Gale, president; Phil Balmer and Janet Allison, vice presidents; Nancy Woodard, secretary; Dick Merrill, treasurer; Kathy O'Connell, chaplain; and Karl Heye, warden.

Junior Hi-Y—Tony Polidoro, president; William Brail, vice president; Albert Dudley, secretary; Jim Hogue, treasurer; and Kirk Leslie, chaplain.

Phi-Kappa-Psi—Frank Murphy, president; Ralph Lake, vice president; John Reagan, secretary; Matt Collins, treasurer; and Tom Holleran, chaplain and warden.

Senior Hi-Y—no officers have been elected.

Hi-Y—Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet—David Farrell, president; Ann Bingham, vice president; Nancy Lee Patrick, secretary; Ken Gale, treasurer; and Sue Rogers, chaplain.

### STRANDED IN THE JUNGLE

If you were stranded in a jungle with one record, which record would you wish it to be?

Mary-Ann Meinhardt—"Stranded in the Jungle"

Beverly Fenner—"Give Us This Day"

Pat Fillio—"The Fool"

Marsha Gaffey—"Ape Call"

## Alumni Notes

1956 graduates attending college:

John Foulds—COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY  
 James Asher—BABSON INSTITUTE  
 Manfred Schmaizl—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Daniel Clancy—ST. VINCENT'S  
 Alan Clayson—BROWN  
 Gordon Chader—MIDDLEBURY  
 Robert Fuller—UNION  
 Roger Canzano—ST. BONAVENTURE'S  
 Joseph Henriques—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Elizabeth Graves—MIDDLEBURY  
 Marilyn Chapman—ANNA MARIA  
 Marilyn Marks—NEW ROCHELLE  
 Carolyn Hyde—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Betsey McCormick—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Nancy Shea—PARK COLLEGE  
 Jane Brennan—BERKSHIRE BUSINESS  
 Sandra Gai—SALVE REGINA  
 Mary Ann Caritey—TRINITY  
 Elizabeth Andrews—MIDDLEBURY  
 Judith Abrams—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Clifford Adams—JULLIARD  
 Samuel Amuso—PROVIDENCE  
 Howard Brookner—SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY  
 Michael Buckheim—TEMPLE UNIVERSITY  
 James Callaghan—EMERSON  
 Peter Conry—BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
 Jerry Congress—UNIVERSITY OF BRIDGEPORT  
 Curtis Douglas—CLARK UNIVERSITY  
 Michael Quill—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Gilbert French—YALE  
 Brenda Aaronson—WOMEN'S COLLEGE OF  
 NORTH CAROLINA  
 Barbara McCarthy—ANNA MARIA  
 Ann Maguire—BOSTON UNIVERSITY  
 Peggy MacCarthy—  
 VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY  
 Toni Lincks—MOUNT HOLYOKE  
 Patricia Stanley—UNIVERSITY OF MASS.  
 Carol Hoehn—UNIVERSITY OF CONN.  
 Lois Hornig—UNIVERSITY OF CONN.  
 Thomas McGill—WORCESTER ACADEMY  
 Christopher Gilson—DEERFIELD ACADEMY



# BOYS' SPORTS

TONY POLIDORO, DAVE FARRELL, DANNY SOLIN, BOB BUDNITZ

## FOOTBALL

Pittsfield High got off to a fine start this year by winning their first game of the season from Trade of Springfield 20-0. Many people feel that the team has a better background and more experience this year. Although we lost some fine players last year, we have many veterans returning and still many more promising newcomers this year. With the expert coaching of Mr. Morris, Mr. Gleason, and Mr. Massimiano, the team should come through with a very good record this season.

### PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept. 21—	Springfield Trade	Away
Sept. 29—	Northampton	Home
Oct. 6—	Turners Falls	Away
Oct. 12—	Drury (night)	Home
Oct. 19—	Holyoke Catholic (night)	Home
Oct. 27—	Adams	Away
Nov. 3—	Westfield	Home
Nov. 12—	St. Joseph's	Home

Day Games 2 P. M.

Night Games 7:30 P. M.

Members of this year's football team are: Capt. Simonetta, Burns, Mulcahy, Doherty, Seely, Kahn, R. Morris, Gale, Meacham, O'Gara, Sweeney, Walsh, Martindale, Lepp, Pruyne, Ancora, Daniels, Perry, Riley, Shorey, Stanton, Walters, Barzottini, Balmer, Degnan, Mancivalano, Eramo, Giddings, Badger, N. Morris, Sottile, Tucker, Decelles, Collins, Venti, Kozaka, Vallone, Morwick,

Brackett, Cox, Conuel, Schles, Heye, and Alessio. Senior Manager is Daniel Young.

Thus far this year the football fortunes of the PHS bruisers have blown hot and cold. Following our impressive conquest of Trade, we were rather inelegantly dumped by Northampton, 32-0. In all fairness, however, it must be stated that the men from 'Hamp have been nigh-on invincible this year and are, at this writing, leading the newly formed Western Massachusetts Class A Conference. The gridiron greats of PHS, however, bounced back against Turners Falls for a smashing 25-6 victory. In this contest, the Purple again unleashed the vaunted running attack that they showed against Trade. Sparked by the brilliant running of the first string backfield, led by Nick Morris, the Pittsfield men rolled to an easy triumph in a game marked by several outbursts of excessive school spirit. With two good games under their belt, Pittsfield tackled that perennial Berkshire power, Drury. The contest was remarkably even during the first half, but in the final stanzas of the game the great power of the Blue Devils finally told on the valiantly fighting PHS team.

While the .500 record now owned by the Purple is not too spectacular, it is indicative of the great potential possessed by this team which is being speedily developed by Coach Morris and his assistants. The tremendous spirit and drive with which this year's team is imbued will go a long way toward bringing it success.



# GIRLS' SPORTS

ANN SOLERA POLLY SKOGSBERG JUDY ROHLFS SHIRLEY THOMAS CAROL VARANKA  
DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN WALTERINA MALUDA JUDY JONES BRENDA WLIDE

## THE DRILL TEAM

Visualize, if you can, the precision of the West Point cadet, the rhythm and grace of a Radio City Rockette, the stamina of the athlete and you have a fair idea of what it takes to be a member of the Pittsfield High School Drill Team.

In the short space of two years, under the benevolent guidance of our own Miss MacNaughton, these girls have been molded into a smooth, well-dressed, and inspiring team that has brought great credit to our high school.

In their natty white blazers, white gloves, and purple skirts, they have brought all the student body to its feet by their intricate drills staged during half time at our football games.

Miss MacNaughton and all the members of the drill team deserve the praise of all our student body, as they take their place along with Mr. Morton Wayne's superb band and Mr. Morris' fighting eleven, as they combine their efforts to bring us another thrilling football season.

## BADMINTON

Every year at this time the girls begin sharpening their badminton skills for the tournament, which takes place in the spring of every year. Great enthusiasm was shown this fall when nearly fifty girls turned out to take part in practice and instruction. For the sophomores it is a beginning process, while for juniors and seniors it is "practice makes perfect." For those who like leisure play it is possible to reserve a court for an hour of the afternoon. Immense fun starts when both beginning and advanced groups partake in the unpredictable spring tournament.

## FIELD HOCKEY

The interclass Field Hockey Tournament gets under way October 29th, and will continue the whole week. In this tournament each team will play the others twice; the team winning the most games will be the champion.

Miss MacNaughton, director, has announced that eighteen seniors, twenty juniors and fifty sophomores have signed up for the 1956 season.

Seniors on last year's winning team, as juniors, who are playing again this fall, are Mary Savery, Pat Dellert, Pauline De Vanna, Evelyn Lombardi, Joan Menin, and Nan and Debbie Selkowitz.

Outstanding second year players from the Junior Class are Carol Varanka, Jo Kessler, Sharon Kelsey, Joyce Cunningham, Paula Spasyk, and Judy Rohlf.

Among the sophomores who show promise are Joyce Borden, Carol Sacchetti, Carolyn George, Beverly Wohrle, Ursula Pytko, Pat Leahy, Pat Benoit, Penny Fall, and Maureen Marshall.

Although the varsity teams have not been chosen yet, it appears there will be close competition among all three teams of field hockey this year. Good luck, girls.

## JUNIOR GYM CLASSES

Exercises are being given in every junior class to prepare them for the Kraus Weber Test, which corrects reflexes, muscles and postures. This test was given in the beginning of the school year to trace physical weaknesses. During each gym period certain exercises will be given to correct any minor defects. Later, a second test is offered to discover if the exercises have been helpful. This test, which has been used all over the country, is now being used for the first time in Pittsfield.



# *Patronize Our Advertisers!*

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